

On the Death of that Noble Knight S^r JOHN HARMAN, Who Died the 11th of October, 1673.

Brittania, *Queen of the Ocean*, bad me write
Something memorial of this *Noble Knight*;
It must be *Great*, or nothing. Nay, said I,
Let *Homers* then, or *Virgils* Poetry
Record his Deeds. 'Tis not for meaner things
To speak, or think of *Admirals* or *Kings*.
But *these* are long since dead; Must therefore die
This Peerless Persons *Glorious Memory*?
No, no, that must not be; Rather than fail
Something to try, I'll with my *self* prevail.

The *Sea-Nymphs* prolling round the *watry world*
Caught up his *Name* when to and fro 'twas hurld,
When Guns, Drums, Trumpets, to the Clefts did sound
His Fame, and caus'd them back the same Rebound,
These to my *Muse* did courteously impart
Fair naked *Truths*, which need no Veils of Art.

When first in *Youth* some Voyages he made,
To prosecute *Experience* or *Trade*,
His worth disclos'd it self, and made men see,
None was more *English Mariner* than he.
Though hearty, sturdy *Dak* our *Ships* do frame
Our *Seamen* too (if rightly stamp'd) the same
And such was this *Well-timber'd* Man, be sure,
That such hard *Storms* and *Bickerings* could endure.

In former Wars, *Spain*, *Portugal* and *Dutch*
Will all confess, there were not many such.
Drake, *Blague* and *Harman*, Names that struck the Seas
As *Zisca*, *Scanderbeg*, *Pumtades*,
Did quash the Land; Foes hush'd their Squaling Brats
Only by naming these *Great Potentates*.
But if those former *A's* of his must be
Veil'd by *Oblivion*, be it so: yet he
By *Latter Deeds* will have his *Name* preserv'd
Wherein he hath his *King* and *Countrey* serv'd.

When *Brittish* Seas and *Honour* were assail'd
By *Belgian* Rivals; when the *Plague* prevail'd } 1665
At home; by which when *most mens* *Courage* fail'd }
He snatch'd some men from *Death*, *Commands* and *Man'd*
The *Royal Charles*, by *Royal Charles* Command;
And then perform'd his *Manly* part; how well,
Let both his *Friends* and *Foes* *Spectators* tell.

Next Year was *Sixty* six (that fatal Time,
When *Londons* old Foundations burnt to Lime)
Rear Admiral of the *White* he then appear'd
And by his *Foes* he made his *Henry* fear'd.
Three *Etna's* did at once beset Her round,
Some of her men were *Burnt*, and some were *Drown'd*:
Yet then (as if he did both *Elements* scoff)
He fought his *Way*, and brought her bravely off.
His *Leg* (but not his *Courage*) broke; and then.
He sympathized with his *maimed* men.

Knighted, and *Admiral* made in *Sixty* seven,
With *five-ships* *Two*, and *fighting Ships* *Eleven*,
T' *America* he Steers, and did such *Feats*,
Dull *Europeans* will believe us *Cheats*
If we but tell the *Truth*. As, How he storm'd
Strong *Martinico*, *Wonders* there perform'd;
Into their *Harbour* how he forc'd his *Way*,
Where *Thirty* *Warlike* *French* and *Dutch* then lay;
Burnt *Nine*, *sunk* *more*; the rest (to scape his hands)
Did *sink* themselves, to hide amongst the *Sands*.
Three *forts* he there *Attack'd* and *Fir'd*. And then
To *Syrenham* and *Chian* wafts his men:
Courage and *Conduct*, there no less he shew'd,
Whereby he those *Two* *Countreys* soon subdu'd.

In *Sev'nty* two *Vice-Admiral* of the *Blew*,
He like a *Tyger* 'mongst the *Dutchmen* flew,
Nine *Dutch* begirt his *Charles*. There (sad to tell)
Three or *four* hundred of his *Brave* Men fell.
He paid them off; and when no boot to stay,
He nobly brought his *tattred Hull* away.

Lastly, in *Sev'nty* three, this present Year,
His long-try'd *Courage* *lasting* did appear
Vice *Admiral* of the *Red*. Though *sick* and weak
When scarcely could he go, or stand, or speak,
Yet could he *fight*, *direct*, *encourage*, see
All well perform'd. Meanwhile poor *Gallant* he
Sate like a *Mark* for ev'ry shot, in fight
Upon the *Quarter-deck* in ev'ry Fight.
We'll not reflect on any man; nor tell,
Who did *amiss*; only that *he* did well.
And having done his *All*, he then gave o're,
He made to Port, dropt *Anchor*, came ashore,
Never to plough the briny *Ocean* more.
From midst of *Storms*, *Blood*, *Noise*, *Confusion*, *Fires*,
He *cooly*, *calmly*, *peaceably* Expires,
Whose *Death* *Religious*: *Living* *Actions* were
Gallant, *Just*, *pumble*, *Patient*, and *Sincere*.

To His LADY.

Madam, your loss is great, we must confess,
But yet compar'd, *ours* greater is, *yours* less;
Tours is a *private*, *ours* a *publique* one,
In midst of *storms* (Alas!) our *Pilot's* gone:
Learn hence the better to *sustain* your *Cross*,
Behold! *All* *England* does *lament* your *Loss*.

To His SON.

You *Martial* *Stripling*, from his *Stock* a *slip*,
Make good the *Proverb* [Of th' old *Block* a *chip*.]
To imitate him you've gone pretty far,
That you a *Youth* command a *Man of War*.
He dy'd a *Protestant*, and you I hope
Will live to make a *Tacque* upon the *Pope*.
Learn not to *Hector*, *Drink*, *Drab*, *Swear* and *Play*;
But as your *father* did, *Think*, *Fight* and *Pray*.
O that of *this* sort all *Commanders* were!
Then *Brittain* should not need *Invaders* fear:
Nor *Belgia* vaunt at poor *Brittania's* wound,
When she shall hear th' old *Harman's* laid aground.

To His SEA-MEN.

Mariners mourn, *Dow* *Top-sail*, waft your *Flag*,
Hand *Streamers*, *Furl*: Now *Courage* lyes a lag
And sneaks *abast*, loose *Anchor* from the *Bough*,
For *Navigation* lyes a *Backstay* now.
With *Theseus* *Sails* cloath your tall *Ships* of War,
If you want *Blacks*, besmear your selves with *Tar*.
With your own hands, while you lye thus becalm'd,
With *Norway* *Gums* let his *Corps* be *Embalmd*;
And (though you use not much to *Weep*, yet) here
Augment the *Ocean* with a briny *Tear*.

Then wipe your *Eyes*. *Courage* my *Hearts*, aloft;
Hoyse *Sails*, *Give* way; do as you use and ought.
Cheer up, *Suzzan*; and let your *Enemies* find,
Though *Harman's* dead, his *Men* are left behind.

F I N I S.